Okay, it is May 3rd, 2026.

Uh this time we're just going to instead of me holding the book uh the actual physical book, we're just going to be reading it in Calibbre uh with the EPUB from Humble Bundle, because I'm just too lazy to have to clear off the couch and stuff so I can read the book and not have stuff falling on me, cuz I have a bunch of yarn stuck up there, cuz I'm making cat blankets for the animal rescue, so, I have a bunch of yarn piled up so I don't have to keep going and getting it out of the bins and stuff like that.

So, anyways, we're doing it in Calibbre this time.

Um, I hope that the subtitles will work properly, and that the text being on screen isn't too distracting. Um, I don't think it... hopefully it won't be, but I will probably just go back to doing the book next time when I'm not literally just too lazy to clean off the couch so the cats aren't knocking an avalanche of yarn on me every time they walk past.

Um, we are continuing, if this is your first video that you're clicking on just because it clicked on — or it

appeared in your algorithm or whatever, uh, I don't know what kind of videos you have to watch to get these recommended...

But anyways, uh I am doing a what I'm just calling a live reading cuz from the word live blogging, we're doing a live reading and analysis of The Murderbot Diary series by Martha Wells.

We are currently um 64% of the way through the second book.

And if you missed all the memos, the whole series is filled with slavery apologism, along with corporate boot — capitalist bootlicking, corporate bootlicking in particular, but just a whole bunch of classism, slavery apologism, and antiblack stereotypes being the main — main fare, and a lot of other shit including ableism, biological essentialism that leads to the slavery apologism, ableism, constant dehumanization of physically disabled people, demonization of, later in the series, drug addicts, um, Martha Wells has a history of demonizing people with mental illnesses that she thinks make you scary, um, and more. I'm forgetting a bunch.

But anyways, we're 64% of the way through book two.

Um, you could have gotten these for free and you almost certainly will be able to get these EPUBs for free in the future again because um, the series is so shittily written that the publisher is constantly giving them away for free — And I'm not exaggerating. They are almost always giving them away for free. Just wait a few months and you will probably see a thing that they are being given away for free again, because they are charging so much money for these things that they are calling books and they are not even a centimeter thick, and that's after being filled with literal blank pages and having the text be just just massive margins at the bottom of the pages.

You won't be able to see any of that in this version because this is Calibbrain and I increased the font size, um, so I don't have to squint at it and strain my eyes.

Also, uh, the video might end abruptly because, uh, this is on my laptop and if you know me, you know my laptop is shit, so, if a cat decides to waltz past or or

just a truck goes by outside and vibrates the ground, it will shut down. It cannot be moved at all.

Anyways, uh if I go back a page.... Okay, it's not showing. There's a little dot-dot-dot. Where'd my mouse go? Okay, my mouse is like— That's weird. I don't like that there's a dot-dot-dot here, but— Okay, there it is. I was going to say it's on here somewhere.

Um but we're. we're just reading it in Calibbre this time. Uh yeah, enjoy. Let's go.

"Finally, the tube's scan picked up a blocka—'

Oh, also, no, wait... no, I just forgot what I was going to say. I was going to say something and then I immediately forgot.

No, I don't remember what I was going to say.

Anyways:

"Finally, the tubes scan picked up a blockage ahead and threw an alarm code. I had five episodes of different drama series to'

Maybe I should be highlighting as I read?

[to cat] Hey, get off that. Off. Come over and sit with me. You don't need to sit on top of that. Hold on. I'm having a cat who's sitting on the printer. Yeah. No. No. Come on. You're supposed to be trained properly.

Also, if anybody was wondering Ouch. as I smacked myself in the face with my own keyboard—

[to cat] Hey, hold on. You got your claw stuck in. There you go, silly boy. You just keep putting your claws out.

This is a cat I'm attempting to wrangle, who wants attention and is just silly about it.

Anyways, if anybody was wondering—

[to cat] Why did you immediately go back to sitting on the printer? Get over here. Get over here. Get off the printer. You know, you're not allowed to sit there. No. Come on. Stop being to—

Okay, I'm going to put the printer away again cuz they you're usually well trained.

[to cat] You're just being silly here. Excuse me. Excuse me. Watch out everybody.

Nope.

Anyways, Polychrome was not adopted today. Uh, but she did get a bunch of attention and a lot of people pet her and everybody was very impressed by the fact that she went back into her own carrier of her own accord. So, if you own a cat or you're going to own a cat in the future, just give them treats. Tell them to go in their carrier, pick a keyword for that, and give them treats. It's not difficult.

Anyways:

"Finally the tube's scan picked up a blockage ahead and threw an alarm code."

[to cat] Hey, get down. If you want to — if you don't want to be starting this in the—

Oh, yeah. I decided I was going to highlight.

I was going to say, make sure if you're, if you're starting this in the middle of the series, you can just go back in a video to see where we left off, or you can just submit yourself to the whims of the universe and accept the confusion.

I will remember to highlight what I'm reading.

"Finally, the tube scan picked up a blockage ahead and threw an alarm code. I had five episodes of different drama series, two comedies, a book about the hist—'

No, I'm not doing that. It's too annoying because it doesn't— it won't just let me do it.

"I had five episodes of different drama series, two comedies, a book about the history of the exploration of alien remnants in the Corporation Rim, and a multi-part art compilation from Belal Tertiary 11 queued and paused."

Okay. Again— I say 'again' as though it's not the very beginning of the video, but you see this? This ~Bellal tertiary 11~? That, that, that proper noun right herem that's just being thrown in out of nowhere?

This never comes up again in in the entirety of the fucking series.

This is just a word, a, a fake fucking proper noun, invented just for this goddamn sentence.

And then it will never come up again.

A lot of people think that Martha Wells's stories are confusing because there is "too much" world building, they say, but what they mean is there's too many things like this ~Belal Tertiary 11~.

That's, that's not world building. You're just make — you are literally just spitting words onto the page. This isn't world building. This is a —This is pretending to do world building without actually fucking doing world building.

This, this never comes— this entity never comes up ever again, despite the fact that this sentence is casually mentioning it as though it is established information that we, the readers, already know.

And it will never come up ever again.

And that's not world building.

That's not some, ~ooh, so sophisticated. This author doesn't """hold your hand"""~

This is just bad writing and not actually wanting to put in the effort of actually building a world. Just because you say you say the words Bellal Tertiary 11 that you pulled out of a fucking hat one time — and we're 64% of the way through this book! — and then it's never mentioned again?

That's not world building. That's bad writing, that's set dressing that goes nowhere.

But people keep thinking that, oh, well, Martha Wells, uh, her her fantasy books, for example, "oh, there's all

these different species of people and they all look really different!"

And that can seem really cool at the start... until you realize, "oh, they literally only exist for that single fucking sentence, and they will never appear ever again. And also, they're not going to do anything as part of the story. They literally just exist for that five fucking seconds that we describe them as having a random mix of traits pulled out of a fucking hat."

"Oh. Um, these guys have... purple feathers and giant orange eyeballs and big white antenna like moths. That's cool." And then they never come up again, and they're meaningless.

That's not world building!

That's, that's just shitty set dressing.

Anyways, uh let's let's fucking continue.

Um:

"I had five episodes of different drama series, two comedies, a book about the history of the exploration of alien remnants in the corporation rim, and a multi-part art competition from Bellal Tertiary 11 cued and paused. But I was actually watching episode 206 of Sanctuary Moon, which I'd already seen 27 times. Yes, I was a little nervous. When the tube started to slow, I sat up."

That's just a bad paragraph for lots of reasons.

Okay, like that first sentence, that can just be a paragraph by itself, because that has nothing to do with all of the the TV shows and things that Murderbot is *not* doing while it instead mindlessly rewatches an episode of San of a TV show that it's already seen 27 times.

And this is what I keep saying over and over again: Martha Wells wants us to think it's funny and relatable that "Oh yeah, Martha Wells—' [laughs] Martha Wells? "Murderbot really loves this show. It's seen this. It's seen episode 206 of Sanctuary Moon 27 times already!!!'

And we'll just keep getting shit like this. We'll get a random episode number and then we'll be told Murderbots already watched it 53 times.

And yet, and yet. Do you know what the "and yet" is? The "and yet" is that there's never any discussion of what Murderbot enjoys about Sanctuary Moon, we don't know anything about it whatsoever.

It doesn't impact Murderbot in any fucking way, Murderbot is not learning any lessons from watching this fucking show.

It's not learning how to recognize propaganda from this show, it's not even being *indoctrinated with* propaganda from watching this show, despite it being produced in, and by, and for the Corporation Rim.

And it's literally called The Rise *and Fall* of Sanctuary Moon, which in the hands of a competent writer could be fucking foreshadowing about the fact that this is all corporate propaganda about how ~you shouldn't try to go independent and and not be ruled by a corporation because you are destined to fail.~

You know, the rise *and fall* of *Sanctuary Moon*.

But no, Martha Wells isn't doing any of that because she's a shit writer and she doesn't actually want to use Sanctuary Moon as a frame story to discuss anything at all.

Besides, isn't it ~quirky and relatable~ to turn your brain off and mindlessly watch TV shows tw— and a single episode of a TV show 27 times, but without thinking about anything that goes on in it at all?

Because, as I've said, the reason that Murderbot does not analyze anything that goes on in Sanctuary Moon in any way, is because Martha Wells doesn't want her audience to start doing that about this series either.

She doesn't actually want *anybody* using critical thinking skills, because then those critical thinking skills would be applied to the things that she writes, and then people will start criticizing her, *like they always do*.

Yeah. This, this whole ~I was watching episode [insert number in the hundreds or so] which I'd already seen and then [insert a high number]~

That's, that, that repeats endlessly throughout this fucking series by rote at this point, and, and it will never mean anything, it doesn't impact anything.

We don't know who, who Murderbot's favorite character is, we don't know what its fucking favorite plotline is, we don't know anything about Sanctuary Moon, because in order for us to know about Sanctuary Moon, Martha Wells would have to be doing something *intentional* with Sanctuary Moon and how that impacts the character of Murderbot, and how that reflects the politics of this world, including the capitalist propaganda that is literally guaranteed to be baked into a show — especially a longunning show like this, with over 400 episodes — airing in the Corporation Rim, which is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia.

But it isn't actually a dystopia, cuz Martha Wells doesn't actually want to criticize capitalism, and she *doesn't* criticize capitalism.

As— if you saw the the video before this, you get the perfect example:

If this were — if this series were actually a capitalist dystopia, AKA a story showcasing the horrors of capitalism in order to critique them, then when the fucking space bus they were all on that got hijacked with a computer virus, and all that shit?

They would never have been allowed off of that bus. They would have been immediately ejected back out into space and they would have been fired upon and the only thing that would have saved their lives was ART hacking the fucking thing to make it fly out of range of all of the missiles they would have been shooting at that fucking bus.

Because in an actual dystopia, you don't get to just be the seemingly fucking, um innocent bystandards Bystandard?. Why am I saying a D in that? Bystanders in what seems to be a fucking terrorist attack!

Because, no, there's nothing there's no other way to see what — that happened — what happened there as anything else, if you were looking at this from the

perspective of a fucking security guard in a capitalist dystopia, what, that, that shit with the space bus should have been seen as a terrorist attack.

And the fact that the fucking thing went that catastrophically wrong, and then all of a sudden miraculously gained brand new code that it shouldn't have, so that it could coast in perfectly easily and ~innocently~ for a landing, despite nobody on board having the capabilities to do that, and nobody being able to upload that shit?

Yeah, no, if this were actually a fucking dystopia at all, let alone a capitalist dystopia, they would not have been allowed off that bus. If they tried to get off that bus, they would have been fucking shot.

The first fucking person to step in front of those opening doors would have been shot point fucking blank, and preferably, they would have died immediately and it would have been a named fucking character so we can have some actual stakes.

And then if they if were a coward author, they would survive that bullet wound, but preferably still be

fucking grievously injured and maybe die from it later.

Everybody in the bus would have had to immediately fucking drag that person back out of line of sight so that the doors close, and then try to figure out what the fuck is going on, and then have a fucking, just — there wouldn't *even* be need for the people out outside to communicate with them, unless somebody else decided to break through and be merciful and at least tell them what's going on.

The bus would have been shoved off of the out of the fucking airport. I don't even — I shouldn't even be saying bus, cuz it's an airport. It's a fucking plane.

The plane should have been ejected from the fucking spaceport, thrown out into space, and then all of the fucking guns on the surface of this fucking space station should have been aimed at them.

They should be wanted criminals, because they have computer fucking records for everything here, all of the authorities know everybody who got on that fucking bus, and they are all now suspects.

And this is what would actually happen if this were actually a dystopia, and if Martha Wells intended to criticize literally anything, let alone capitalism.

But we don't do any of that shit, and that is also why Murderbot, we don't know anything about Sanctuary Moon, despite Murderbot watching episode 206 for the 27th time now in book two, 64% of the way through book two.

And there's 400 something episodes of this fucking TV show. We don't even know what the plot is.

And the reason for that is that, literally, if Martha Wells wrote Murderbot analyzing or thinking critically in any way, or at just bare minimum *at all*, thinking about it *at all*, that would require her to be giving *the audience* permission to think critically about what we are reading, and she does not want that to happen, because every time people start reading her things with a critical eye and using fucking basic critical thinking skills, all of the bigotry that she tells us to see, all of the the horrific levels of abuse and psychological torture and physical torture that she

tells us is totally fine, that just paints a horrifying picture, and yet she's telling us to see it as good.

Anyways, this paragraph is badly fucking set up.

This first sentence — where'd my mouse go? I don't like that the mouse is switching between different cursor styles.

This, this first sentence, that should just be a paragraph all of its own, because that has nothing to do with the fact that Murderbot is not — it is *not* watching drama series or comedies or a book or looking through an art competition. It's not doing any of those things. And that has nothing to do with the fact that the, the the goddamn train it's in is ~throwing an alarm code~.

Then the "yes, I was a little nervous." Like fine, that can be there. But this sentence at the end here, that should just also be its own paragraph. Not only because it has nothing to do with all the shit that Murderbot is *not* engaging with, but because that would help set up tension, because we're supposed to be feeling tense right now.

That's why we're getting told, literally flat out told, "I was a little nervous."

Anyways — oh yeah, this is — I won't even get into that. I said it all in the video before this.

"The lights shone on a line of metal barricades. Glowing markers had been sprayed on the material, sending out bursts of warning into my feed. Radiation hazard, falling rock hazard, toxic biological hazard. I got the emergency lock to unseal'

See? Okay. Again, the fact that you are literally not allowed to take anything happening in this s— in this entire series seriously whatsoever.

This is the driest, most fucking emotionless prose in the world. It's just the most basic "this happened, and this happened, and this happened."

"I got the emergency lock to unseal for me and jumped down to the gritty ground."

Well, we got a fucking adjective in there, but like, this is emotionless, when this is supposed to be like, the

most important thing that's ever happened to Murderbot, uh where it's—

It's literally here so that it can go back to being a happy slave on, literally, a fucking farm. That — it literally — it's going to go running back to the farm to be a happy slave just as soon as it makes sure that it won't accidentally snap and go haywire and murder its poor precious cinnamon roll slave owners ~for no reason~. That's literally the reason that Murderbot is here.

Murderbot isn't here because it wants to solve its own mysterious backstory for its own sake, it is literally here to make sure that it won't accidentally hurt its adorable slave owners in the future.

Martha Wells didn't have to tell us that, but she literally did.

I feel like I need to— Can I make a bookmark? Yeah.

I'm making a bookmark, but I don't remember the keywords... Uh, can I... What were the keywords? Where's the search button?

Let's try 'make—' Oh, I guess I cannot type the word S, can I? Fucking A. Let me try and plug my keyboard into the other USB.

This is a laptop, the keyboard is broken so I cannot type the word X, S, or W, so I have to plug my other keyboard in.

Let's try 'make sure'.

What? Wait, expand that.

Okay. So that's it's not 'make sure'. I — maybe it's 'had to be sure'. I'm sure the word sure is in there.

Nope.

Let's try 'hacked my'...

Yeah, here we are!

Here we are, 26% of the way through this book. This was apparently chapter 3. I don't — I can't — obviously can't tell you what physical page number, because we're in Calibbre.

This is where Martha Wells explicitly tells us that the reason Murderbot left and supposedly ran away from its slave owners at the end of book one is *not* because Murderbot doesn't want to be a slave, it's because it wants to make sure it won't accidentally hurt them in the future by ~going crazy for no reason~.

That's— That's why Murderbot is here.

Let me make it click and bookmark this. I'm sure there's a fucking keyboard shortcut, but I don't know what it is.

Murderbot is literally here, and literally ran away from its slave owners in the first place not because it it doesn't want to be a slave and because it understands that even "nice" slave owners are just, um, more slave owners, which is what book one was *pretending* was going on.

And then Martha Wells made sure to assure us in book two, at 26% of the way through the book (where nothing had happened there either yet!), made sure to assure us, "No, no, no. Murderbot didn't run away

because it doesn't want to be their slave. It ran away to make sure it won't accidentally hurt them. Isn't that beautiful and heroic?"

Because this is all slavery apologism written by a wannabe slave owner. It's literally just a fantasy of "if I had slaves, they would love me so much that they would kill themselves to protect me."

She didn't have to tell anybody that her original plan for All Systems Red and this whole thing was that Murderbot would succeed at killing itself and committing suicide to protect its slave owners in book one.

She did not have to tell anybody that that was the original plan for Murderbot, the slave protagonist, to commit suicide to show how beautifully tragic this beautifully tragic slave is for being so loyal to its literal fucking masters that it kills itself to protect them.

She didn't have to tell us that.

She chose to.

She's so racist that that was not only the plan, then she admits it like it's just *nothing*. Like she's not just admitting that this fucking character, Murderbot, literally doesn't just exist for the sake of worshiping slave owners in every capacity.

Let's continue through the fucking emotionless, just completely flareless fucking prose, shall we?

"I got the emergency lock to unseal for me and jumped down to the gritty ground. I was scanning for energy signatures and I adjusted my eyesight to be able to see past the bright marker paint. There was a gap 3 meters along, a darker patch against the metal. It was small, but I didn't have to pop any joints to wiggle through."

It's like, again, like— just— there's, there's nothing going on with this prose. This is why people assume charitably, but also rudely, that these books are meant for children, and *that's* why they are so shallowly and badly written, which is just fucking insulting to children.

Stop saying that shit! Children deserve good books that have plots that make sense and characters that have depth. Stop acting like bad written books are meant for kids. Kids deserve well-written books.

Anyways, this is bullshit.

"There was a gap 3 meters along, a darker patch against the metal. It was small, but I didn't have to pop any joints to wiggle through."

So, what does this fucking mean? Are we saying there's a literal fucking hole in the wall that Murderbot has to wiggle through? And why would this ~convenient gap~ be there?

And again, the the fucking ableism. Okay, this is just the tip of the iceberg. The—

[to cat] Hey, hey, hey. What are you doing? Why are you all being so bad today? Do not use the couch as a scratching post.

[to other cat] Polychrome, I see that little face. You're so cute.

I won't even get into the ableism. I'm sick of being the onlybody— person talking about it. That has its own videos.

Anyways, it was small. The, it, the—

"There was a gap 3 m along, a darker patch against the metal. It was small, but I didn't have to pop any joints to wiggle through."

What's the point in telling us that if, if, if we're not even getting a description of what it looks like, or anything else? That, that, that is so *nothing* that it may as well not exist at all. What is the point of those two sentences?

You may as well just say "there's a fucking door and I went through the fucking door" for how little like, the fact that there's apparently a small literal hole in the fucking wall that Murderbot has to wiggle through.

Like, are we talking about a gap in a doorway, or are we talking about a literal hole in the wall? We don't get any description. And the fact that this is here, and that you have to wiggle through it? This isn't, like,

setup to add tension because Murderbot's going to get chased by something and have to squeeze through here in a, in a fucking timely manner in a in a fight for the death, or a chase to the death, or anything like that.

No, this is just here for some fucking reason despite not being described in any way that will lend it any fucking emotion or meaning whatsoever.

This doesn't need to be here. I can pretty much guarantee you that nobody remembers that Murderbot had to wiggle through some undescribed gap in the wall to get down here. There's no point in those sentences being there.

"I walked down the tunnel to the platform that had been part of the passenger tube access. Farther down, there was a set of 10 meter high doors big enough for vehicles and the largest hauler bots to maneuver through and for the loads of raw material to come out. The passenger access had a cargo unloading rack still extended and I used it to swing up __'

And I got to get a drink. You can hear my voice crack. What even are vocal cords? They're weird looking.

Farther down there was a set—

[to cat] Hi, you saw me? She said, "No, I'm just going to walk behind you and leave immediately."

"Farther down there was a set of 10 meter high doors big enough for vehicles and the largest hauler bots to maneuver through and for loads of raw mater raw mineral to come out.'

Not raw material, mineral.

"The passenger access had a cargo unloading rack still extended and I used it to swing up to the high platform. Everything was covered in a layer of damp dust which showed no recent tracks. The sealed crates of a supply delivery with the logos of various contractors stamped on the boxes still stood stacked —'

Why would you— Why would you say that? Why would you say that? Why are you putting a fucking tongue twister into the sentence?

"The sealed crates of a supply delivery with the logos of various contractors stamped on the boxes *still** stood* *stacked* on the platform."

This is a professionally edited book from a career author, everybody.

And she still chose to put a tongue twister in in what's supposed to be a tense, spooky, ~atmospheric~ scene, and then we have a fuckign tongue twister.

Also, none of this shit makes sense, but we can get into that later... No, I guess we can just get into it now.

Again, this is supposed to be a corporate and capitalistic dystopia, where where companies are ~so greedy~ and rule the world and don't care about people's safety:

So why the fuck are they leaving behind perfectly good merchandise? T

There is no reason, and it makes no fucking sense in-universe in any way, just like none of the shit about this situation even remotely makes sense.

She is contradicting herself with every single fucking piece of information she decides to reveal, and every time she does, it just makes it worse.

Kind of like with her interviews. Every time she fucking does an interview about this series, the shit she says makes it even more racist and horrifyingly ableist than it already was, when it shouldn't be possible for it to get worse, but she always manages to find a way to make it worse.

This is just bullshit. This isn't actually a dystopia.

If this were a dystopia, they wouldn't be leaving behind perfectly good fucking merchandise that they can sell.

Nothing in this series is meant to actually criticize capitalism, it's just there to *pretend* it is, so that *you will give her more money*.

And she put a fucking tongue twister in, when we're supposed to be taking this seriously with this dry emotionless prose that has no style whatsoever.

That's why everybody is — everybody on all the *all* the websites will be like, "Oh my gosh, this, this Murderbot fanfiction sounds so, so similar to the original, it's amazing!!!!" And it's like, the reason it's so easy to write fanfiction for this series is that the prose is dry as dust and has no style at all.

It is the most fucking basic to the point shit ever, with some sarcasm and exponentially increasing amounts of parentheses thrown in every now and then. There's — There's no effort put into this series.

Let's, let's fucking continue.

After the fucking tongue twister:

"A broken breather mask lay—'

Okay, no, that's just dumb.

"The sealed crates of a supply delivery with the logos of various contractors stamped on the boxes still stood stacked on the platform."

Unbelievable.

"A broken breather mask lay beside it. My human parts were experiencing a cold prickling that wasn't comfortable. This place was creepy. I reminded myself that the terrible thing that had most likely happened here was me. Somehow that didn't help."

Okay, again, you see this completely lackluster prose with no actual descriptions going on. We are just getting just the basic shit rattled off to us, as— I keep comparing it like a bored fucking high schooler who does not want to be writing the essay on a book they didn't actually read.

We're just getting told, ~Oh, there's a thing, and there's a thing, and there's a thing, and it's totally creepy, guys. It's creepy. It's creepy. Look, um, Murderbot's human parts — but you know, it's it's

totally not human because look, "it's physically disabled!! That means it's not human!" says Martha Wells~

"My human parts were experiencing a cold prickling that wasn't comfortable. This place was creepy."

She could actually be setting up a creepy atmosphere by just actually describing anything and injecting literally any emotion into this fucking narrative and narration as possible.

But she's choosing not to do that, because that would require effort, and she's not putting any effort in. So instead instead of building an atmosphere that is actually creepy, we just have to get told it's creepy, and we're just supposed to pretend that that's true, because ~look, there— and a broken breather mask lay beside it.~

[sarcastically] Wow. So scary.

That's not actually fucking scary, because you're literally just rattling off shit like it doesn't matter and *not making it matter*.

"I reminded myself that the terrible thing that had most likely happened here was me. Somehow that didn't help."

And yet, another joke. So, she's simultaneously trying to tell us, literally *tell* us: "This place is creepy!" Then immediately undercutting the attempted tensity — Why am I saying tensity? Tension.

She's, she's telling us to "Be tense!!" and then immediately following that up with a joke like she does, every single fucking time that we could bare minimum start to get any stakes in this series at all, then we have a shitty joke to undercut the tension, and then she goes online and gets paid to complain up on stages that people think she wrote a funny comedy.

And it's like, yeah, you did that on purpose. You don't get to have it both ways.

You don't get to write emotionless shit undercut constantly with jokes where you don't describe anything, but then expect us to take it seriously while literally always following it up with a joke.

If you are not thinking of that very first fucking scene on the goddamn planet where we're supposed to be taking that fight with the the alien thingy seriously, and then we immediately follow it up constantly with jokes *while somebody's supposed to be bleeding to death*, I am! That's what I'm talking about right now. Like this this shit here. This is— this is— like, also that whole thing, but like just that very first goddamn scene and conflict and the fact that she didn't tell us anything that was going on!

We got no description of anything!

And then there's just jokes all over the place, and we literally can't take it seriously! That's— this— that's, that's how the entire series plays out!

That's how everything she writes plays out!

Continuing:

"There wasn't enough power to move the doors, but the manual released for the passenger access—'

And again, you notice— okay, let me read the paragraph.

"I walked down the tunnel to a platform that had been part of the passenger tube access'

Meaning, train station subway shit.

"Further down, there was a set of 10 meter high doors big enough for vehicles and the largest hauler bots to maneuver through and for the loads of raw mineral to come out. The passenger access had a cargo unloading rack still extended and I used it to swing up to the high platform. Everything—'

And again that's, that's there should be a fucking paragraph break after "high platform" because that's covering the actions of getting up to the platform. Next, we are supposedly describing the platform. There should be a paragraph break there.

Again, this was professionally published from a traditional publisher from a career author with apparently professional and *famous* professional editors putting their names on it.

"Everything was coated with a layer of damp dust which showed no recent tracks. The sealed crates of a supply delivery with the logos of various contractors —'

I don't know why I keep wanting to spell— say that word weird.

"stamped on the boxes still stood stacked on the platform. A broken breather mask lay beside it."

That's not actually fucking describing what, what what this fucking room looks like, what this area's layout is.

You can— that, that's not giving me any kind of mental map for where Murderbot is or what's around it, besides crates that should not have been left behind — if this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, which is what it's supposed to be, and is marketed as — and a ~broken breather mask~. No description of that either.

Not even saying "still coated in dried blood." Not— there's not even a fucking skull inside of it, left inside

of it from where somebody got decapitated. We're not describing anything in any way that is meaningful.

And again, the most basic thing, there's no mental map of this fucking place. This is like— imagine a video game mini map where you— where the map only comes into existence when you quote unquote discover it, because you walk up to it.

That's, that's what's happening here. There's no— we're we're not— Murderbot's not standing in the room just describing what's around it so we can actually understand what this layout looks like, shit just spawns into existence the second it is required!

Just like that fucking belal tertiary 11 or whatever the fuck that said that *never comes up ever again*.

Like: "there wasn't enough power to move the doors." What doors?? Which which fucking doors are we talking about right now???? Because we haven't been told that Murderbot is approaching any specific set of fucking doors!!!

We just we're just told there are 10 meter high doors that exist here, but I think Murderbot's gone past that, because "further down" and blah blah blah. And *then* we start talking about the passenger access.

And it's like, what fucking doors are we talking about right now?

Now, is Murderbot supposed to be going through those giant doors, or is there another set of doors that has just spontaneously fucking generated? We don't know, because there's no meaningful descriptions going on here!

"There wasn't enough power to move the doors, but the manual release for the passenger access lock still worked. There was no power—'

Oh, that reminds me. The reason I'm also not doing this on my phone is because my phone, it's secondhand, but it's absolute shit. It's garbage. It's almost, you might say, enshification, a form of platform decay, but not on the fucking internet. It can't record any goddamn video less than 10 fucking gigabytes. What happened to technology getting more

efficient instead of worse? That's, that's the major reason that I'm doing this.

Like, also the fact that I don't want to have to keep having an avalanche of yarn, but mainly the fact that I literally cannot record any length of fucking video on my phone without immediately running out of space, and then that takes hours and hours to upload, because it's 40 fucking gigabytes for a shitty shit video.

And there's no way to make that smaller. There's literally no way for me to force the camera to stop doing this shit.

Anyways, let's continue, shall we?

"There wasn't enough power to move the doors, but the manual release for the passenger access lock still worked. There was no powered light in the corridor either, but the walls were straight with light emmitting markers meant to guide everyone—'

Okay, so there wasn't enough power to move the doors, but "The manual release for the passenger

access lock still worked"? What does that fucking mean?

You can't move the doors, but you can open them anyways, with a manual release for "the passenger access lock" when we don't know what the passenger fucking access lock means???

Is— okay. There's literally no way to imagine what is fucking actually happening in this goddamn scene.

Is Murderbot standing on a giant train platform or not? How is it both standing on the giant train platform, possibly in front of these giant closed doors, but also! there's a passenger access lock that is is able to open?

If there's a smaller fucking door off to the side and *that* is what we are calling the passenger access lock, then why didn't we just fucking say that instead of this shit?

Let me read this again, what it actually says:

"Further down there was a set of 10 meter height doors big enough for vehicles and the largest hauler bots to maneuver through and for the loads of raw mineral to come out."

Okay, then we get:

"The passenger access had a cargo unloading rack still extended and I used it to swing up to the high platform."

There's no fucking mention here of a smaller fucking door off to the side, which is what we are apparently maybe fucking calling "the passenger access lock".

If, if, if you are walking into a fucking giant train station and there's giant fucking doors up — presumably — on a train platform, none of this fucking makes sense!

But if there's giant doors, *and* there's also a smaller door off to the side — we have to fucking hope — then why wouldn't we just get told, ""Farther down, there was a set of 10 meter high doors blah blah blah blah blah big enough for blah blah blah blah blah. And

next to them, just barely, I don't know, next to them was a much smaller door that blah blah blah, I hoped had a manual release or something""

At — something like this. Like, not — This is just, this is just bad writing.

And this is supposed to be professionally fucking published and professionally edited by a so-called career author. And that's supposed to mean that there's basic quality control. And yet, this scene, this setting? The setting does not fucking exist.

It's just a goddamn void with shit in it that doesn't fucking make sense.

"There wasn't enough power to move the doors, but the manual released for the passenger access lock still worked."

Why? What — literally, what fucking doors are we talking about? Are we talking about the giant doors? And if we're talking about the giant doors, then why are we saying that you — "there's no power to move the doors, but also this door opens."

If we're talking about the giant doors, why aren't we saying ""there wasn't enough power to move the giant fucking doors, but off to the side, hidden behind a crate, I noticed a smaller person-sized door that still had a fucking real door knob on it"" or something.

Why aren't we saying that? Just to actually establish what's fucking happening, physically?

What is happening here?

And you — and again, every single fucking time I start going off on these, people who don't write are going to be like, "that — you're just nitpicking!"

No, anybody who writes knows that this what is happening on this fucking page is just shit writing. Especially if you are claiming to be a fucking professional author.

This is ridiculous. She has been writing before I was fucking born.

She has been publishing since 1993 when she was already a fully grown adult. *This* was published in

2018, May 2018. And somehow, somehow the setting doesn't fucking exist and doesn't fucking make sense.

And she— No, you're — you might be thinking, "Oh, well, she's definitely improved since then, right?" And the answer is no. Go read Witch King. Go read Witch King. Go read literally anything she has written that's not The Murderbot Diaries.

Since people love making the excuse of, "Oh, it's only badly written because that's just an unreliable narrator." Then why is the exact fucking writing in all of the stories, even just in this series alone, that are not narrated by Murderbot? You lazy anti-intellectualist fucks! Like, are you fucking serious?

You want to claim that this series is only— "seems" to be badly written— ~It's totally badly written on purpose, guys. That's just how Murderbot narrates!!! ~

Okay, explain to me why raor why the stupid little short stories with the stupidly long names, why do they have the exact same fucking problems?

It's not badly written on purpose. It's just badly written because Martha Wells is bad at writing, but gets to be a professional author anyways because of fucking white supremacy and white privilege.

"There was no powered light in the corridor either, but the walls were streaked with light emmitting markers."

[to cat] Hey, no, don't put your paws on the computer. You'll shut it down. You can sit next to me.

[weird noise off to the side] I don't know if that was a sneeze or a cat knocking something off the counter like cardboard.

[to cat] Get your claws off the sofa. Get—

And again, this is meant to be a capitalist dystopia!

In the capitalist dystopia, why are there fucking safety markers that are still working all these fucking years later? Why?

Why are there safety markers at all in a capitalist dystopia meant to be criticizing capitalism? Meant to be extrapolating what we are seeing now to what happens when this shit goes unchecked?

And yet, somehow there — they still got safety features everywhere despite it supposedly being a capitalist dystopia.

Nope, not actually doing any of that shit!

Let me just restart the paragraph because, again, it's just, it's terrible. There's no emotion here. This is the driest shit. This is why it's so ~miraculously~ easy for people to write fanfiction for this series and have it match the original because *zero effort whatsoever is put into the original.*

"There wasn't enough power to move the doors, but the manual release for the passenger access lock still worked."

And again, this is the corporate speak. Again, we're, we're, we're saying the words "passenger, access, lock" to do corporate speak and just to to seem sci-fi

because "well, they use the words access and lock! So, that makes it that makes it like sci-fi, right?"

But it's just there to avoid calling what is I guess a fucking door, a door, for some reason, for no good reason, and also to make the story seem longer than it actually is.

"There was no powered light in the corridor either."

Why are we just — Why, why are we not just saying — there's no — like, we're specifying "there wasn't enough power to move the doors?"

Why is there any power at all?!

The fact that — it's just such — this is just such utter bullshit.

We're literally meant to believe that— like, let me rewind.

This this shit, this shit, right here. This is supposedly a train station thing that has been abandoned for *at least* four years.

And yet, there's still power in the batteries. Also conveniently, just enough power for Murderbot to use it, when this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia where they don't care about human lives.

But we're supposed to pretend that they are leaving usable batteries?? Batteries that run an entire train???

We're supposed to believe that they just leave this shit casually lying around, and—

Again, um, the fact that this world does not fucking exist outside the view of the protagonist.

Again, this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, and we're supposed to believe—

[phone dings] Hold on. Wrong button. I'm getting being texted.

We're supposed to believe this is a capitalist dystopia. Okay. All Murderbot had to do to get down here to this place, that doesn't have any security cameras or anything watching you, is walk down a hallway and

then get on a train that conveniently still had batteries running and then apparently go through either... just a door that was partially closed, or maybe a literal hole in the wall. We don't fucking know, because it's badly written, because Martha Wells is bad at writing.

And I'm supposed to believe that an entire goddamn train has enough batteries left in it, this whole time, to go down here. And I'm supposed to believe that *nobody* has been— no homeless people have been fucking down here at all?? No homeless people???? No random kids filming themselves for fucking, super space YouTube, going into abandoned places????

Nobody??????

This is fucking ridiculous!

Just as ridiculous as the concept that ~oh, this universe, they have guns that you can get built into your arms. And the guns have no range limit, never run out of ammo, never jam, don't *even* hurt you when you use them, and can be modified for the

intensity in a million ways. But no, nobody gets those!"

Criminal masterminds don't get guns in their arms that can literally be made undetectable so easily that a character that *we're told doesn't know what it's doing can do it without effort*, which means *anybody can do it without effort*.

This is ridiculous.

This is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, but homeless people don't exist, and, and train batteries with power can and— literally just hang out for four years at least and not not get stolen.

This is ridiculous. This is fucking ridiculous.

Blah blah blah.

"There was no light in the corridor either, but the walls were streaked with light emmitting markers meant to guide everyone out in the event of a catastrophic failure."

But, you know, pretend it's a sci-fi dystopia. Don't question why the sci-fi dystopia where everything is ruled by capitalist corporations who are literally taking the place of governments, don't ask why they have safety features when they don't need to.

"Some had already failed with age. Others were fading."

Some of them are no longer working after four years straight of being on. But we're supposed to pretend this is a capitalist dystopia, and yet they're making things this efficient.

Where's the critique of capitalism here? There is none!

"The lack of any feed activity except from the warning paint was vaguely disturbing. I kept thinking of the DeltFall habitat and I was glad I had had ART make the adjustment to my data port."

Also, I did lose track of the composition... Let me just check under the couch here...

...Not back there. I have lost the composition book where I was writing down the names, well, nicknames and descriptions of all the other slaves in this series. When I find it, I will add ART, and I will have to add... I think we are we got to E, F, G, H? I, J, K, L?

I feel like— I can't remember. Or, I'll have to check the other videos, but I had somebody suggest a bunch of names ahead of time.

But yeah, we'll have to add all the other slaves, which includes ~everybody~. Anyways, let's let's go.

[weird noise] What was that?

Yeah, we're, we're we're saying, "Ooh, it's so scary and creepy down here. Murderbot's thinking of the DeltFall habitat!!! Because we all remember how scary that was, right?"

And then it was really badly written and not actually scary, because she doesn't actually describe anything so that anything can have any emotion.

"I followed the corridor into the installation's central hub. It was a long—'

The recording icon thing is like kind of partially in the way. But I don't want to move it... All right. Well...

"It was a large domed area, dark except for the fading markers on the ground. There were no human remains, of course."

Why of course?!?! Why of course, Martha Wells?!?!??! Is this, or is this not a dystopia?!!

You're telling me they left behind valuable fucking merchandise and equipment, but *of course* they cleaned up the bodies.

This is useless. This is not a dystopia.

This is what I keep fucking saying. This isn't a dystopia. This isn't criticizing capitalism. This is— This is not criticizing anything except the basic concept that "slaves deserve freedom and autonomy."

Of course. Of course. Of course. I'll even highlight it! Of course. Of course.

The capitalist overlords removed all the dead bodies and probably gave them beautiful proper burials where all of the families were given a pension that will pay off all their lifetime worries, of course.

Of course the corporate overlords remove the dead bodies. Of course, they removed the dead bodies, but didn't bring— but didn't take with them any of the fucking equipment and literal unopened materials and merchandise.

And again, as I said before in the last video, but you might be watching this one the first time, this is not— those shitty stupid markers that were mentioned in a single sentence?

There's no actual radiation damage here or biohazards. There's nothing here. This *is* a place of honor. There *are* valuable things buried here.

There's nothing actually here that's a threat to literally anybody.

All of this is completely fucking nonsensical bullshit writing that is just throwing shit at the wall to see what sticks and then *it doesn't even fucking stick!*

Of course the capitalist corporations that don't care about safety, of *course* they remove the dead bodies. They prioritized getting those dead bodies over extracting any of the shit they paid for that was literally still brand new in the box, including all of the giant cars and the train and the batteries in the train that they literally left down here, still with power in them.

But of course they— *of course* they removed the bodies. But not that— not that broken fucking breather mask that has no description and will never come up again.

No, they left that behind, but not the bodies.

I'm— Yeah, this, this— and again, again, cannot stress enough: There is no radiation here. There's no disease. There's no computer viruses running amuk. There's literally no lingering *anything* here whatsoever, except abjectly bad writing despite

coming from, I can't stress enough a traditional publisher, a career author, a supposedly professional editor.

And this was sold for how much fucking money? I'm too lazy to go and check the cupboard again. Like $18 fucking dollars? I— fine. No, I will check.

[to cat] You're so adorable. That's what I thought. Hello.

This book, which is only a centimeter, less than a centimeter thick, cost $17 in 2018, and it's more expensive now.

And none of the shit makes sense. There's no actual description of the setting. Nothing has happened yet, and we're 65% of the way through this shit.

And of— this is it's claiming to be a capitalist dystopia. But then of course, of course, the corporations, of course, *of course* they got rid of the dead bodies.

"There were no human remains, of course."

Oh, hey, I can add— I can add a highlight. I can. Oh, cool. Can I make a custom color? Can I make a custom color? Yeah. Let's do— Let's do like, a peachy color.... It's more pink than peach. I guess peach would be over here. Yeah, let's just do a peach color just for the fuck of it.

I must give my custom style a name. Peach. Peachy!

Let's, let's write a sec— I didn't know you could write notes. I, I don't know why I didn't know that. That's obvious. That's what you can do in all the things.

I have a quote from some movie partially stuck in my head from the words "of course", saying it really sarcastically, but I can't think of what it is.

[keyboard clacking]

Shut up. I'm not fixing the type outside of dyslexia.

Not fixing that either.

Can I type the word O???

[keyboard clacking stops]

The note says, for people can't see: "of course, the corporate overlords removed all the dead bodies and probably gave all the poor widows and orphans money for life while leaving behind valuable equipment and literal unopened fucking merchandise literally still sealed in the box. Not to mention literal batteries that still work for an entire train."

Let's click "create". Now we— I like that color. Now we got some fucking highlights. So I'm going to have to remember to add highlights and notes.

Also, my typing on this keyboard is so bad because my computer is shit and I haven't been able to use it in a while. So I have to get used to this keyboard again. But also, dyslexia, but mainly right now I have to get used to the keyboard again.

"There were no human remains of course."

Of course!

"But debris was scattered around. Tools, broken slivers of plastic, a chunk of a hauler bot arm."

[sarcastically] Oh, but don't worry, that doesn't count as a dead body because fuck robots. Robots aren't people. What are we? Some kind of fucking metaphor for the human condition? No, not in a Martha Wells story. Hauler bots aren't people!

In fact, Martha Wells will literally say that drug addicts are less human than hauler bots, *when she doesn't even consider hauler bots to be people within the setting!*

Literally, what is this? A thinly veiled metaphor for the human condition! Look at all of the people that Martha Wells has decided are literally not people!

[clicking noises] We'll just do yellow for that. I— No, that's too bright. I don't like that. Give me a different color.

Click.

Look at. There's no human remains of course, but there's a robot arm, but that doesn't count as anything, you know, horrifying to see, because despite what people will tell you, this— the theme of this series is not actually that "robots are people, too".

The main theme is "once a slave, always a slave", and that "you can just say people aren't people, and then it's fine to enslave them. And slavery isn't really slavery if the the people doing the enslaving are nice and if the people that are being enslaved, well, you can just say that they are violent, brutal, literal, emotionless killing machines that can't be trusted around the poor innocent slave owners."

There were no human remains, of course, but there is a dead fucking robot arm. We don't care about that, though.

But also they, they, they left behind all that valuable equipment, of course.

This these sentences are just terrible.

"Openings to corridors like dark caves."

Look, a bare minimum attempt at like atmosphere and implying spooky things.

"Openings to corridors like dark caves."

But the whole place is dark. Why are we— How is Murderbot even seeing anything right now?

I forgot about this before, but literally, how is Murderbot seeing anything right now? I don't— I don't think it has fucking night vision.

Does it have fucking night vision? Is it using night vision goggles? Does it have a fucking flashlight? I don't think any of these things are true.

I think it's just literally in a goddamn mine pit— several hours of a train ride into the surface of a fucking moon or a planet or whatever, and there's no fucking electricity, but somehow there's stuff to see.

Oh, wait— No, we were told there's there's, there's paint that glows in the dark, even though four— at least four years after this place was abandoned with all the valuable merchandise, but none of the dead

bodies left behind. Of course. Of course. Of course. That would be ridiculous.

But somehow this paint was so efficiently and effectively made in a capitalist dystopia that it still works, and still works enough that you can literally be inside the godamn planet where the sun literally does not shine and there's enough light for you to see all this shit!

If she wanted to make it spooky, the bare minimum she should have done was give Murderbot a fucking flashlight, and talk about the fact that there were no fucking safety features.

If your fucking flashlight went out while you were down here, you were shit out of luck. You had, you know, things that happened to actual miners.

But no, that would require criticizing capitalism. So, we don't do that. And we end up with this meaningless fucking bullshit anyways.

"Openings to corridors like dark caves."

You shouldn't be using the word dark when everything is already supposed to be dark. You are literally just making me question why the fuck is it able to see anything at all?

We're not even emphasizing that the darkness of these corridors that are like dark caves. We're not even emphasizing that it's an even darker dark.

This isn't your normal, average, everyday darkness. This is *advanced* darkness!

We're not even saying that.

We're just saying "like dark caves" when Murderbot is literally in an abandoned mine right now, without a flashlight, and without night vision.

Do you see the fucking systemic failure here? Because it's ridiculous. I'm never going to get over this.

It's so fucking funny. I had I just got to read it again because it's so ridiculous:

"Openings to corridors like dark caves branched off in all directions. I had no sense of having been here before. No sense of familiarity. I identified the passages that led toward the mine pit, then the corridors that went toward the quarters and offices. Branching off from that was the equipment storage."

Again, once again, this, this, all this shit, this is all a single fucking sentence. Murderbot is magically identifying which of these corridors-like-dark-caves magically deciding which ones go where, so that we don't actually have to take any time exploring this place, maybe discovering the horrors of capitalism hidden within!

No, we're not doing that.

We're just saying "I identified the the corridors like dark caves that led toward the mine pit. Then the corridors that went toward the quarters and offices. Branching off from that was the equipment storage."

How does Murderbot identify this? Who the fuck knows? We don't know. We could have just been told if

Martha Wells is too fucking shit at writing and lazy to write Murderbot actually exploring this place!

Could have just said ""Each fucking entrance, each of the corridors like dark caves had a very big fucking sign overhead that said exactly where it went.""

You could have just said that. Instead, we're doing this and pretending Murderbot— "Murderbot's an active narrator! It's an active protagonist. It's not just going along with whatever, it, it— it identified the passages! It identified the hallways!!!"

How? Did it walk down the hall? We don't fucking know. It just magically knows just by looking at them, despite literally just describing them as looking "like dark caves".

"The emergency power failures failure releases—'

Emergency power failure releases in a capitalist dystopia. Martha Wells. They have emergency power failure releases in a capitalist dystopia when this is not an area exclusive to the rich people. Are you fucking kidding me? This is what I mean.

Let me get a drink.

This isn't a dystopia. This isn't a dystopia. It's just saying "capitalist overlords will do everything to ensure your safety!" I don't know why I said that with an accent.

This is ridiculous. This is— Oh, the rest of the sentence is even worse.

"The emergency power failure—'

Because if, okay, if you can't understand this corporate speak that we're doing unironically just to pad the fucking page count to make this story seem longer than it is, despite it having zero substance, "emergency power failure releases" means that if the p— if the electricity goes off, this will automatically unlock all the fucking doors.

Fail— emergency power failure releases. So, this turns on. This releases the doors when the emergency power fails.

So, we're literally being told that the emergency power is failed, but also all of the safety—

[weird dog barking]

Okay, that was a dog outside. I thought a cat was making a weird noise, but it's a dog outside.

We're, again, this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia. The rest of the sentence is even worse:

"The emergency power failure releases for the sealed doors had unlocked everything."

It unlocked all the doors successfully. It It successfully unlocked all the doors.

[to person offscreen] I— I'm continuing reading on here because I'm tired of the phone being ridiculous. Book two.

—First of all, the jackass that tried to argue that um, like, with me yesterday, I think it was yesterday. Tried to argue that "um it's not racist at all" And then they

emphasized in the second book, the sec— and then the—

"In book two" they said, spelled out, and then in parentheses the number "2", and then in parentheses again "the second one."? Yeah?

They literally got that— *they're talking about book three*. They are literally talking about events from book three, but they are so confidently wrong about their basic, fundamental knowledge of the series that they emphasized book two *three separate times*. That's how confidently wrong they are.

But anyways, book two. We are 65% of the way through this for everybody. We've gone up a fucking percentage from me scrolling like four fucking things with the text super zoomed in.

[to person offscreen] Guess what? the capitalist overlords in this supposed capitalist dystopia, okay. What is in the abandoned mine? What did they— what do you think they took out of the abandoned mine? And what do you think they left behind?

Speak for, speak for the the audience here.

[narrator 2] I seem to recall this shit from at some point when I was flipping through it, for looking for some detail before we had got the humble bundle thing. Um, didn't they leave all of the ridiculously expensive company branded equipment behind? But they also cleaned up all the dead bodies.

Yes.

[Narrator 2] Even though—?

Exactly. Correct. You win a brand new car!

[Narrator 2] Well, I don't drive. So, they made sure to take all the bodies. Like, that should have literally been the opposite in any actual capitalist dystopia series that's actually interested in doing capitalist dystopia. Is— Murderbot should have gone down there and seen that every single bit of valuable equipment had been completely stripped out of the thing, no matter how ugly and bare it looks, and then there's just bodies and damage everywhere just left where it lay.

Exactly correct. Actual competently written fucking critique of capitalism. Exactly correct.

[to audience] And you notice what happens? You notice how we literally— you notice how we literally came to the exact same fucking conclusion? Because this is how this works. This is how it works.

And uh, I'll see if I can get f— some of my fucking family members to play along. I'll ask them the same question.

I'll tell them, imagine an a capitalist dystopia. Imagine an abandoned mine where a bunch of people were killed. I will ask them, what do you think the capitalist overlords, rich people who own the mine, what did they take out of this mine and what did they leave behind?

Except I don't even need to do that, because the answer is fucking obvious if you understand literally anything about capitalism and how it works and how to criticize it, which Martha Wells doesn't.

Literally anybody you ask that question to is going to tell you, if we are crit—

[Narrator 2] If this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, then they left behind all of the dead bodies and took all that fancy expensive equipment.

If if we're talking about a capitalist dystopia, then they probably also left behind the the skeletons of literal children who— and and just random non-miners— I've been told pause from off scene.

[Narrator 2] If the bodies were there, we would actually have to contend with an actual heavy topic, instead of just immediately brushing past it.

And I'm about to add to it, because I'm pointing out if this were an actual capitalist dystopia, then you know what? We would also see the bodies of children and other family members who desperately tried to get into the fucking mine after everybody else was sealed inside and then they were also sealed inside. But again, this would require actually writing a dystopia and actually caring to criticize a single goddamn thing about capitalism in any way.

Literally go ask— pause the fucking video, ask— find somebody who actually thinks capitalism is bad to begin with, or even somebody who doesn't. Just frame it slightly differently. Just frame the question differently. Pick a billionaire they don't like personally, or a rich person in general they personally don't like.

Tell them the situation: An expensive mine had a massacre. There are dead bodies everywhere. There is expensive equipment everywhere. The mine is going to be sealed off. What do the rich people take and what do they leave behind? Ask anybody. You will get the same fucking answer, because that's— this is how rich people work. This is how capitalism works. This is how the systemic fucking devaluation of human life, and in this case robot life—

Remember that poor fucking robot arm? We're not supposed to give a shit about that. There's not even any commentary upon, ""Oh, they made sure to give the humans a burial, but they left the fucking robot. We aren't worth anything to them. I could have been torn—"

We could literally have this goddamn sentence: ""There were no human remains, of course, but debris was scattered around. Tools, broken slivers of plastic, a chunk of hauler bot arm. I stood in—"

I'm just making up a sentence now: ""I stood in front of that arm for a long time, staring down at it, wondering who it had belonged to. All of the human bodies had been removed. But this this wasn't human, and therefore, in the eyes of humans, was worth less. That could have been me. I had survived. But if I hadn't, I would have been left down here, torn apart in pieces. This could be my arm.""

I'm done making up that sentence. Do you see what we could actually be doing if we were actually criticizing literally anything? But instead of criticizing anything, we're just explicitly stating in— right here, this fucking sentence, despite everybody claiming this series cares about robots and says "robots are people, too!"

As commentary on the fucking human condition.

Nope. Nope. No thoughts. No commentary, no nothing. There's just a robot, a dead fucking robot's arm left behind, despite all of the human remains being removed, of course.

This is just basic fucking media literacy skills and basic critical thinking skills:

What does the text say?

Who does the text privilege?

Every single godamn time, Martha Wells privileges humans.

And in this goddamn series, human equals slave owner.

And we are not supposed to care about anybody that is not considered human, and that explicitly includes physically disabled people who don't count as "real" humans.

All right. And yeah, uh, I have the font size. Maybe it'll tell me what font size this is? Just for uh... font

size. Wait, no. No, don't read out loud. No, don't want that. Just for posterity. My font size is at 48. Just for posterity.

I just got done talking about all the bullshit, cuz, um they removed all— there were no human remains. Of course. She literally says, "Of course", there's literally not a question of whether or not they would leave behind the dead bodies.

But then at the same the very end of that sentence is uh, the, "Debris was scattered around, tools, broken slivers of plastic, a chunk of haulerbot arm."

That's the end of the sentence.

[Narrator 2] Just like, um, what's his fucking face ending with a Y and the weirdest infantilizing possible that I literally—

Greggy?

[Narrator 2] Yeah. From obsolescence.

Yeah. Yeah.

[Narrator 2] The disabled man who's referred— whose dead body is referred to as debris, as— and garbage and garbage and trash three times. Multiple times.

Yep. Yeah.

[Narrator 2] And that's a newer story.

Yeah.

And there's no commentary as— I literally just made up a sentence to wrench people's heartstrings just saying ""all of the human remains had been removed, but I found the arm of a hauler bot. That could have been me."" And all this shit, you know, basic shit if you actually want to criticize literally anything.

[Narrator 2] Imagine if Murderbot had actual chronic pain and actual health issues from all the damage and shit it takes, and popping its joint out. It can get it can get shot 20 plus times in a single scene and then be fixed five pages later. Meanwhile, I can carry groceries home and have my arm curled up to my chest to do so in the weirdest fucking way, and I can

pull a muscle in the center of my arm with from EDS and fuck up my arm.

Literally, if— I can walk and be holding my phone out in front of me to be filming as we are crossing a tiny goddamn intersection so that I have video proof in case we get run over if somebody fucking murders us.

[Narrator 2, narrator 1, at the same time] Well, I guess technically that would be manslaughter, vehicular manslaughter us.

So, I have phone proof and the simple act of holding my phone out in front of me like, at a casual height. Not like, even my arms stretched out— but even that, I should be allowed to do that!

Um, but you know, I'm physically disabled and have chronic pain from hypermobility of the joints. So, I literally cannot do something as simple as hold my phone up in front of me and walk at the same time without dislocating... Drum roll, please...

Not my shoulder...

Mot my fingers...

Not my elbow...

A rib! That's how all that shit is connecting somehow.

And yet, as you just said, Murderbot gets shot and blown up 50 million times. No less than three separate times, it gets catastroph— so-called catastrophically injured in book one.

And every single time, it's magically healed offcreen before the next catastrophic injury even happens. And then there's literally no lasting impact whatsoever.

[Narrator 2] It doesn't even cost Preservation Aux any fucking money.

Yeah, we were literally just talking about this, like, they—

[Narrator 2] it doesn't even cost them like any amount of resources whatsoever—

At all, actually, because it never comes up. So it literally was free. It didn't cost anything. It wasn't like —

[Narrator 2] That would have been the perfect fucking capitalist thing, that they're charged a fee every time they use the cubicle.

Yeah.

[Narrator 2] And and the on board medical suite.

Yep.

[Narrator 2] Imagine if they had to pay for all of Bharadwaj's fucking injuries or Volescu.

Imagine if they had to pay a subscription for every half second that you are using a medical— you are in the fucking— medical fucking facility. Again, basic shit. Basic shit.

We haven't even finished reading this goddamn page yet, because that sentence is so fucking—

Uh I got stuck on that tangent of "this is literally not a dystopia" again.

"The emergency power failure releases for the sealed doors had unlocked everything."

All of the safety measures worked perfectly. The safety measures inside a fucking mine. This isn't even an area where rich people go.

We're— Martha Wells expects us— again. This is just shilling for corporations.

[Narrator 2] This is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia.

Correct. And yet, and yet all of the safety, the glow-in-the-dark safety lights on all the walls, all that still works four years later. And all of the safety doors, the the thing that unlocks all the doors if the emergency power fails? That worked perfectly.

[Narrator 2] Why is it— Why do they have emergency shit down there for their workers if this is a capitalist dystopia?

Exactly. That is literally the exact question I'm asking them.

[Narrator 2] This could be stuff they have in Preservation, but if if we're supposed to be critiquing capitalism in— the Corporation Rim is supposed to be Uber Capitalism that's being critiqued as a dystopia! Why do they have all this safety shit for their employees?

Exactly.

And this isn't even one of those things that she later got obsessed with and is now trying to make the whole thing ~pre-C R blah blah blah~. Insert fucking capitalist, fucking corporate speak.

[Narrator 2] However, literally nobody gives a shit about that subplot that can barely even be called a subplot. No one cares. Despite, despite her trying to make that a fucking thing.

We are not even given the excuse that this is a mining facility from before the Corporation Rim, so that's why they have safety features. No, this is a facility

produced by the capitalist dystopia thing supposedly, that's not actually a fucking dystopia.

Blah blah blah.

"The sealed doors had un—'

[to cat] No, don't. You're getting ready to jump on the computer. Don't do that.

Had the blah blah blah had worked perfectly, despite this supposed to be a critique of capitalism, and only poor people are down here.

'had unlocked everything, but whoever had cleaned up afterward had left them shut."

Why? Why?? So, ~of course~, they cleaned up all the dead bodies and then left behind all the expensive equipment, including shit that was literally still sealed in the packaging, and a entire train with working batteries, but they made sure to shut all the doors to keep the air conditioning in.

[Narrator 2] Also, that— them leaving sealed equipment behind could work if they were in a hurry. They were not in a hurry, clearly. I keep telling everybody not not to break your fucking—

[to cat] Oh my god. Get down. No, no, no, no, no, no.

That was the sound of me realizing Mr. Lupon was—

[Narrator 2] Mr. Arsene Lupin!

—was balancing on the fucking flat screen TV. Well, we, we we'll call it a flat screen TV. It still counts. It's a 20-year-old flat screen TV. We got it for $20. He was just balancing on top of it.

[to cat] No, do not ruin, do not ruin the Goodwill TV, little baby.

So, ~of course~, they, ~ ofcourse~ they took all the bodies with them to give them a proper burial and probably pay the widows and children pensions, uh, but and they left behind all that sealed equipment, including shit literally still in the packaging.

But um, don't worry, they made sure to shut all the doors so the air conditioning wouldn't get out.

The rest of that sentence is:

'and I had to shove each one open."

And again, we're just glossing past all this shit with the driest, most emotionless fucking prose ever.

[Narrator 2] Imagine instead if—

[to cat] Hello. I got to pet this baby. But he's so cute.

[Narrator 2] ""All of the emergency exit were rusted shut with the dried stains that were clearly ancient remnants of blood long— spattered and long since dried and decayed. I had to wade carefully past the piles of bones and bodies and fabric left mummified, strewn where they had fallen—"

""And ask myself whether or not continuing forward was even worth desecrating this mass grave that I might have been responsible for. I had to brace my

shoulder, which was already in pain from blah blah blah. insert fucking shit you can make up too.

[Narrator 2] ""From popping it fucking joint out of the socket.""

It hasn't done that yet in this story yet. And it's been, apparently a month— No, wait. No, no, no. Cuz remember what happened in this story, guys?

""I braced— I had to brace my shoulder against the blood rusted wall and felt a lance of agony jolt through my arm from where ART had literally fucking chopped my godamn limbs to pieces.""

[Narrator 2] And don't forget did the same thing to its legs. So every single step it takes is agony.

Murderbot is the little mermaid.

[Narrator 2] ""Feel the feel of bones grinding together where the femur—"" I know that's no... is your femur in your arm or your leg? I don't know where. Yeah. ""Every step is agony of those uh, shoved together uh, bones and nerves grinding together where they're

still reconnecting and because and failing to connect and all this stuff.""

Also, it should still be bleeding cuz remember, um, we were told in book one that Murderbot's veins seal automatically and that was immediately discounted by the fact that it was still bleeding. But we were supposed to ignore that part as nothing more than a joke. And now I don't know what that's from.

[to cat] You can sit with me, little baby. You guys see that face? You want to come here? Yeah.

[Narrator 2] ""All the all the people who worked in this mine were slaves and indentured workers who might as well have been slaves. So all of them had been dressed the same from seunit to worker. And as I waited past the bodies, I found I couldn't differentiate between who was who.""

Literally anything. Just give us something. But she, Martha Wells, isn't going to, because she doesn't actually want to criticize capitalism. She doesn't actually want to put any effort in. She doesn't want you thinking critically about anything.

Uh:

"The emergency power failure releases'

It's not my fault. This is an entire sentence.

"The emergency power failure releases for the sealed doors had unlocked everything, but whoever had cleaned up afterward had left them shut, and I had to shove each one open."

After we were— whatever. Just just remember what I said earlier about Murderbot magically identifying the things.

Are we being told, uh, retroactively now, that it had to shove open all the doors? But I thought the openings to the corridors were like dark caves! So what's— which is it?

"Past the maintenance stations for the hauler bots, I found the security ready room. I stepped in and froze."

That's not even its own paragraph. That's its own little shitty sentence, but it's not even its own paragraph.

[Narrator 2] What?

This is all one paragraph. Are you ready?

[Narrator 2] Yes.

The— I have to read this sentence again:

"The emergency power failure releases for the sealed doors had unlocked everything, but whoever had cleaned them up afterward had left them shut, and I had to shove each one open. Past the maintenance stations for the hollerbots, I found the security ready room. I stepped in and froze. In the dimness among the empty weapon storage boxes and missing floor panels where the recycler had stood, there were familiar shapes. The cubicles were still here."

That is all one paragraph.

[Narrator 2] That's so stupid. Why is Murderbot freezing?

~Because there's cubicles.~

[Narrator 2] That implies that there's a threat.

And again, that was literally all one paragraph.

[Narrator 2] Was it one sentence or just one paragraph?

Just one paragraph.

[Narrator 2] How many sentences was that?

Um, one, this shit is all one sentence.

[Narrator 2] Amazing.

Two. Three. It's not letting me... higher than four. Five. That's five sentences. All very bad. And, and don't forget a a professional editor got paid to edit this. Never let anybody tell you your writing is bad. Unless you're doing bigoted shit, in which case fix your shit.

Like, your writing is probably good enough to be published because this is the shit that professional gets professionally fucking published by tour.

This is the shit that professional editors and career authors and prof— traditional publishing blah blah are putting their names on and selling for money.

"There were 10 of them lined up against the far wall. Big smooth white boxes, the dim marker light gleaming off the scuffed surfaces."

[Narrator 2] So now we're saying that the the magical paint marker that glows in the dark on the walls, now we're saying that's dim light.

And yet somehow Murderbot's not struggling to see anything.

Yeah.

"The dim marker light gleaming off the scuffed surf surfaces. I didn't know why my performance—'

Again, all the same paragraph.

"I didn't know why my performance reliability was dropping, why it was so hard to move. Then I realized it was because I thought the others were still in there."

This is the only time we have ever even gotten a goddamn hint that Murderbot gives a single shit about any other slave. "The others."

[Narrator 2] It doesn't last long.

But calling, referring to the other slaves as "the others" right here, this is the— this is the closest we will ever get to Murderbot not being a fucking serial killer about other slaves at all times.

That is the height of solidarity that Murderbot will ever show for a single other slave in this entire fucking series. That's it. That's— that's it, right there.

[Narrator 2] And and oh, before you even keep reading, this could be Murderbot temporarily being, "Oh my god, have— are they locked in there? Have they been locked in there this whole time, trapped in the darkness?" But it's actually going to be,

"Murderbot's relieved they're not there, because they would have been scary murderous killing machines that would have tried to kill it." Not concern for them, concern for its own safety.

Yep. Yeah. Yeah.

[Narrator 2] Because Murderbot is special, you see, it is one of the good ones, just like ART is one of the good ones, and how Miki was one of the good ones.

Mikiproved that by uh committing suicide to protect its slave owners. Sorry for the spoilers, but also not. You're wa— You're chosen to watch this instead of reading the books yourself.

"It was a completing— it.

"It was a completely irrational thought that would have confirmed ART's bad opinion of the mental abilities of constructs. They wouldn't leave SecUnits —'

Oh my god. Are you ready for the rest of this sentence here? I mean, this one's a separate sentence.

"They wouldn't leave SecUnits here."

That's one sentence.

[Narrator 2] We're too valuable.

What's your guess?

[Narrator 2] Uh, SecUnits are too valuable.

Yep.

"They wouldn't leave SecUnits here. We're too expensive, too dangerous to abandon."

Literally. Literally. Here's, here's, literally right there.

All their extremely expensive, completely sealed, brand new equipment behind, but they wouldn't leave SecUnits. So, how much is a single SecUnit supposedly worth in company dollars? We've never been told, because Martha Wells wants to constantly jump back between, ~Oh, we're too expensive to abandon. Uh, but also we're, we're, we're disposable and cheap. You should feel bad for me. I'm totally an

underdog. But also, I'm definitely worth millions and millions of dollars. Me alone is worth more than all of that sealed brand new equipment out there that's literally still in the box. And also that entire train that I rode down here in, and that entire train that I guess was still on the platform. and all that other shit. We're worth more than that. But also, I'm, I'm, I'm so cheap and disposable and and such a poor little underdog. Feel bad for me. I'm, I'm, I'm not— I'm, I, I'm a disposable plastic cup that you're meant to crush underfoot after a single use. But also, um,, *checks notes* we're too expensive to abandon. I'm too expensive not to repair a every time I get a fucking paper cut. And no, that doesn't even cost extra. They wouldn't leave units here. We're too expensive, too dangerous to abandon!!!~

"If I wasn't locked inside one of these cubicles, the organic part of my brain dreaming, the restless that the rest helpless and inert, then the others weren't here."

Look, it called them the others again. That could almost be heartwarming, but it's not. Nope.

"It was still hard to make myself cross the room and open the first door."

Now we get things separated into paragraphs.

"The plastic bed inside was empty. The power long cut off. I opened each one, but it was the same—'

But it was the same. I have hiccups now.

"I stepped back from the last one. I wanted to bury my face in my hands, sink down to the floor, and slip into my media, but I didn't."

Would you like to do thatt? What? *Kai was really fucking angry right now.*

"I wanted to bury my face in my hands and sink to the floor."

[Narrator 2, sarcastically] So anguished. Can't you tell from the the narration? Can't you tell how heartbroken I am? It's so funny because every single time Murderbot or Kai or Moon, because they all blur together because they're exactly the same character,

Murderbot just gets the honor of being written in first person perspective exclusively so she doesn't have to actually use the neoponouns and and establish and confirm the neoponouns.

[Narrator 2] Every single time she just randomly has the character say they want to scream like Murderbot was. ~It was so confusing and Murderbot wanted to scream,~ She's not doing what she thinks she's doing. She's just giving the reader whiplash.

Literally.

[Narrator 2] As everybody who tried to slog their way through Witch King described it as—

[to cat] No, Marlena, no. Thank you.

[Narrator 2] There's like a fucking foot thick pane of glass between the character's supposed emotions and the reader so that when you do finally get told—exclusively *told* what—

Kai was really fucking angry right now!

[Narrator 2] Yeah. And and when you're told what the character is feeling, it's just completely draws you out of the flow of the story and you have to literally sit there scratching your head, confused as to when the fucking, the character had— was experiencing *any* kind of emotion. It's very funny and it's a very cheap, lazy way of her trying desperately to imitate these specific, purposeful, stylized, character specific prose from the Imperial Radch series by Ann Leckie.

[about cat] She was going to bite the power cord.

[Narrator 2] And unlike Martha Wells, when Ann Leckie writes from different characters perspectives, you can actually completely and utterly tell that they have a completely separate voice distinct from each other, because she knows how to write more than one character.

She actually knows how to write, bare minimum.

"I wanted to bury my face in my hand, sink it down to the floor, and slip into my media, but I didn't."

Any emotion you attribute to Murderbot within this whole book and this scene is shit you had to make up yourself, because this is the only thing we're getting told all of a sudden.

Huh?

[Narrator 2] You have money on your card?

Indeed.

All of a sudden, out of nowhere, nothing to hint to this. No, not even like, I need— No, we don't own that one yet. I borrowed that one. Boo.

Not even a slow escalating comments of "my hands were shaking. My legs were shaking. My heart—"

[Narrator 2] It doesn't even have a heart.

Does it even have a fucking heart? We will assume until further notice that it does have a goddamn heart. ~My heart was pounding.~ We could at least be getting told the fucking physical sensation of the emotions that Murderbot is supposedly feeling all of a

sudden, because it ~wants to bury its face in its hands and sink to the floor~

Why? It's not feeling anything. We could at least be getting told the physical fucking sensations. It's the physical symptoms of the emotions that it's supposedly feeling. But we don't even get that. We don't even get that. Nope.

It gets worse. Hold on. Let me finish this paragraph:

"I wanted to bury my face in my hands, sink down to the floor, and slip into my media, but I didn't. After 12 long sentences [seconds], the intense feelings subsided."

That's it. Let—

[Narrator 2] You want to count?

We Oh, perfect timing. starting— We'll wait until it gets to the 10. No, I'll just count this. All right. The next moment of silence is 12 seconds!

[12 seconds of silence]

That's how long that— that's how long that supposed emotion that is not emotion lasted.

That's, that's how long Murderbot— image— you are literally being forced, as, as somebody reviewing Witch King said, "this book required so much more effort from us than it deserved."

When Martha Wells is doing this shitty writing where she doesn't fucking show anything, and literally forces you to have to imagine everything for yourself, she's not doing her job as the author. She's forcing you to do the work that— *for a book that you literally paid for!*

You paid for this book and now you have to put in the mental fucking labor of imagining what the character is feeling, because the author isn't doing it, despite making you pay for this.

She's literally failing writing 101 because she has— she can never actually show anything, she has to spell everything out to the audience. She has to tell us everything. Nothing gets shown— everything gets told.

1993. She's literally been writing since 1993. Publishing, I should say, publishing since 1993, and has *never* improved.

Even though this is literal writing 101: Show, don't tell.

She's getting paid for this shit. She is a career author. There's, there's no quality control going on here.

There's no minimum level of skill required. You can go out and publish your fucking book. Go publish your goddamn book. As long as your book isn't filled with purposeful bigotry that you are— you're going to double down on, you can literally tell me where I can buy your indie book.

As long as it doesn't have like, a plot that for some reason I would hate automatically, and I can't really think of anything that I would.

Like, as long as your book isn't bigoted on purpose, and if I do find bigotry, you're willing to accept constructive criticism—

And by the way, the reason I'm making these scathing fucking things about Martha Wells' writing is because she's a fully fucking grown adult who's been writing longer than I've been alive.

And that entire time, she's been doubling down on her bigotry that— when I first started reading her things, which was The Books of the Raksura, I was giving her the benefit of the doubt, because I'm a good person who likes to assume other people are good people.

So, I was assuming, in my naivity, that she was learning and growing as a person behind behind the screen, off to the side somewhere, because I was reading books that were already old by that point.

So I was assuming, "okay, well this has got some bigotry in it, but I mean, we, we're we live in the internet age. Surely she has taken in the constructive criticism and apologized and is going to do better, right?"

And then no, you know that Jeremy Bearimy thing with Chidi and the time knife, "that that broke me," he says?

[Narrator 2] That's gonna be incomprehensible

Huh? Just search Chidi, C H I D I, time knife, Jeremy bearimy. Should I explain that? What— that meme for posterity? Cuz imagine if somebody's watching this in 2127 or something. They're going to be like what the fuck does that mean? We don't know.

[Narrator 2] Say it's from a show. It's it's from a show.

If you're watching this 100 years in the future, there is a comedy TV show. I assume it's archived somewhere. It's certainly been pirated. Uh hopefully it still exists. It's called The Good Place. Just go watch that. It's, it's a reference. Uh my my Jeremy Bearimy, the dot over the i, the time knife, for me, "That that broke me," Chidi says, that was me finding out that Martha Wells would rather defend the original British colonizers than simply apologize for writing antilack caricatures in her villains of The Books of the Raksura series who are literally pitch black cannibal rapist flying orcs who stink and want to rape the good guy elves who are bright and colorful, and the the disgusting stinky, smelly black flying orcs who have

fucking flat heads and protruding jaws and have no culture and don't

[Narrator 2] No their own, no culture of their own.

They are they have white forms that— they pretend to be white people that are ~etherealally beautiful~ before revealing their true disgusting ugly pitch black forms.

[Narrator 2] Oh, I realized there's also some antisemitism baked into them as well along with the whole antiblack racism and fucking, uh they're treated like vampires kind of, saying that you have to cut off their heads when they're dead, and then bury them in salt—

Which makes no—

[Narrator 2] Yeah—

That has which doesn't fucking fit the world building in any goddamn—

[Narrator 2] That's also just antisemitism by not not only are they fucking cannibal black flying rapist orcs, they're also pretty much vampires with vampire powers like Dracula. Like Dracula It was literally an antisemitic stereotype. So, there's that whole shit going on there.

Yeah. What is the M&M thing? I want—

[Narrator 2] M&M and chocolate.

I want that.

Um, yeah. So many things. My, my Jeremy Bearimy, the dot over the i, when I finally gave up hope that Martha Wells would ever actually stop, just, just take accountability for her actions and ap— just, just bare minimum apologize and try to do better in the future, and listen to people—

That was the moment I gave up, realizing that she literally would rather defend the original British colonizers than just fucking apologize and own up to the fact that she wrote racist caricatures.

She— This was in 2023. She did this in 2023. That's that's my fucking dot over the i. After that point, there's there's no holds barred. I fucking hate her guts at this point. She is so racist. She— the only reason—

[Narrator 2] Yeah that's— [muffled]

2023 is also the same year she wrote the anti-immigration story where the moral is that a slaves are dangerous and any slave that comes to you seeking asylum should be rejected, because real slaves are Happy Slaves and would *never* seek freedom, and also literally says that you should not let asylum seekers into your country because they are actually red scare fucking sleeper murderers who are going to murder innocent people on your fucking train station. She wrote that in 2023, the same year that she literally decided to defend the original British colonizers and claim that they were not evil and that colonization wasn't evil and therefore she wasn't racist for using racist caricatures.

[Narrator 2] But you know that whole, uh plausible deniability, she didn't say that herself, She "merely"

shared the sole glowing review for The Books of the Raksura that explicitly defends [how she wrote] the Fell by saying that, and spelling that out. And as we all know, if, if you if you sing praise from the rooftops for somebody saying that, that means you're, wel,l um you're simply *sharing* it.

[sarcastically] You're just, you're just asking questions or whatever the fuck it is.

"I don't know why I'd come—'

Or yeah.

Literally 12 seconds was all of Murderbot's so-called emotions that you have to imagine yourself, because Martha Wells isn't doing her fucking job.

"I don't even know why I'd come in here. I needed to look for data storage records left behind. I checked the weapons lockers to make sure there was nothing handy like a package of drones, but they were empty."

[to narrator 2] Why does pizza cost that much????

Okay, so again, they they removed all the dead bodies. Conveniently, they took all of the drones and the weapons from the slave storage room, but they left behind all the shit that was still in the packaging. Convenient.

"A firefight had left burn scars on the wall, and there was a small crater impact from an explosive projectile next to one of the cubicles."

Why are we being told this when Murderbot is *leaving* the fucking room?

Why are we being told this shit? Why is this sentence at the bottom of this Calibbre page instead of at the fucking top? Are you kidding me?

We're being told *after* getting told that Murderbot has opened all the cubicles, *now* we're getting told that um,, Murderbot, there's, there's an impact— There's a fucking crater in the floor next to one of the cubicles that Murderbot has already opened.

[to narrator 2] You can just remove coupons.

Uh:

"Then I went back toward the offices—'

The— back?? *Back* toward the offices that we haven't seen? There's no back anywhere, because it— we haven't been to the fucking offices and Murderbot hasn't either, because we weren't told it explored all of the tunnels and figured out where they went and then decided to go back into the main room and then backtrack for some reason!

We were just told it magically ~identified~ where the hallways went.

Broken, uh,

"I found the installation control center. Broken display surfaces were everywhere. Chairs overturned, interfaces shattered on the floor, and a plastic cup still sat on a console, undisturbed, waiting for someone to pick it up again."

Wow. Wow. We're pretending— like, again, we're trying to set up an atmosphere, but it's failing

because it's so fucking too late. Retroactive. It's retroactive bullshit.

Like, come on.

"Humans can't work completely in the feed with multiple inputs the way I can and bots like ART can."

But you know, jackasses who want to claim that there's no bigotry in this series at all, literally claiming Martha Wells didn't make the enslaved people literal superpowered oppressed people. "They're not they're not more superpowered than regular humans who aren't enslaved!!!!"

Even though we literally get told that at least once a goddamn book.

"Humans can't work completely in the feed with multiple inputs the way I can and bots like ART can. Some augmented humans have implanted interfaces that allow it. But not all humans want lots of things inserted into their brains, go figure."

Do you hear this shit.

It's like, that's supposed to be funny, but it's also A) ableist, B) you're supposed to be writing science fiction, Martha Wells, can you stop being this fucking pathetic and ridiculous?

[Narrator 2] Also, once again, she's trying to build atmosphere and then she does this.

Literally. We get that, ~Oh, there's a there's a plastic cup. There's a red plastic solo cup.~ Murderbot could be comparing itself to that red plastic solo cup. But, you know, we're we're currently on the side of the sweet— the seesaw where Mur— we pretend Murderbot's worth billions of dollars. ~There's a there's a sad plastic cup sitting on a table waiting for someone to pick it up again.~

But also um, where was I at? Uh but also, and, and, and, I ~and bots like ART, robots like ART, we can do all the cool shit in the feed we want. Um, but humans don't want to do that for some reason. Just like, don't ask, don't question the fact that, oh, no, of course crime bosses and their minions, of course they wouldn't want literal, neverending ammo, guns that never fail. Nobody would want those implanted in

their arms. No crime bosses or murderers or just regular old gunloving Republicans. No, don't be silly! ~ "Don't you know," says Martha Wells, "Biological essentialism reigns supreme! No, no fucking person would want to to corrupt their ~pure pure real humanity~. Nobody would want to put computer stuff in their head that lets them perform magical fucking hacking miracles that lets them hack literally anything without any effort! Nobody would want that! Don't be fucking ridiculous!"

And again, as as my twin literally pointed out, we get that shitty fucking sentence that's far too late, and not doing anything, trying to set up a ~oh, sad tragic atmosphere~ and then immediately following that up by "but not all humans want lots of things inserted to their brains, go figure!"

Insert canned laugh track— is— can you literally play a canned laugh track? Oh yeah.

[to cat] Don't touch the cord.

I'll say when I'll read it again and then you can push play.

Um, where was that? Some— Are you ready?

"Some augmented humans have implanted interfaces that allow it, but not all humans want lots of things

[canned laugh track]

"inserted into their brains, go figure."

Timing was slightly off, but you get the picture. Literally.

So, there's a ~sad plastic solo cup sitting there waiting for somebody to pick it up again~.

Oh, but I guess I guess some people don't want shit shoved into their brains, go figure!!! Insert laugh track again.

You don't actually have to push play.

So, every single— I literally need a button that I can push that does a fucking laugh track. I guess I could just download one on my phone. I'm sure that's a

thing. I— Because I was thinking I, I think that would be really fucking hilarious.

Is there one from the '9os? 'Drake and Josh laugh track'.

[Narrator 2] Uh there's one that's labeled just a sitcom laugh track and I guess it's maybe a public domain?

[laugh track plays]

Yeah, that happens every single time this goddamn series is starting to pretend to set up some tension.

We get that ~sad~ description of a sad plastic cup, and then immediately cut to that. Oh, wow, Uh, people don't want things shoved into their brains, go figure! Wow!

And again, it's it it doesn't fucking make sense for the fucking setting, because yes, Martha Wells, people would love to have shit shoved into their brains if it means they can compl— they can literally hack anything they want without any effort, without getting

caught, including ATMs and weapons scanners, you know, for those illegal guns that they totally are not getting built into their arms, even though this person's a fucking crime lord and, you know, doesn't give a shit about laws or morality, and the guns never run out of ammo and have no range limit and never fucking fail or anything.

No. No. But you know, again, basic basic shit. Basic shit. Basic understanding of how any of this shit works, let alone the willingness to criticize capitalism and criticize the greed that fuels capitalism.

Blah blah blah blah blah.

"go figure. So, they need these services to project displays for group work."

And this, is this paragraph. I'm just going to read it with the punctuation because it's so fucking—

I found the installation control center. Period. Broken display surfaces were everywhere. Chairs overturned, comma, interfaces shattered on the floor, comma, and a plastic cup still sat on a console, comma,

undisturbed, comma, waitings for someone to pick it up again. Period. Humans can't work completely in the feed with multiple inputs the way I can, comma, and bots like ART can. Period. Some augmented humans have implanted interfaces that allow it, comma, but not all humans want lots of things inserted into their brains, comma, go figure. Period.

[Narrator 2] This is shit that should be in the first page of the book to reestablish the setting.

Yeah, why are we saying this now? We're 66% of the way through and I have the font at size 46 or 47. Also, why is all this shit fucked up and messy?

Why is there a cup sitting out if everything else is pristine and cleaned and they even clean the bodies up? And make sure to shut all the doors behind them?

Uh, blah blah.

"Go figure. So, they need these surf these surfaces to project displays on for group work. Period. And the

external data storage should be tied in here somewhere. Period.

Just, the formatting is atrocious.

"I picked a station. Set a chair upright."

So the chairs are on the floor. The chairs are over. The chairs are overturned even though they they closed all the doors and picked up all the dead bodies. But you know you know you know totally makes sense.

"I picked the station, set a chair upright, and got out the small tool kit I had borrowed from ART's crew storage and brought along in the large side pocket of my pants."

Wow. Wow. Look at that. Can you fucking believe it?

[Narrator 2] That's what I call, imagine that in the 90s whatever. Now that's what I call music. Now, that's what I call a "first draftism" where you decided on the spot that the character did that while you were writing your first draft. But unlike people who are writing just their first draft for the first time, this

should have been edited up further to make it actually part of the continuity instead of doing this shit.

As I literally keep saying every single fucking time this happens, there's no setup in Martha Wells's stories, let alone foreshadowing. At zero goddamn point did Murderbot ever borrow a fucking toolkit from ART's crew storage and carry— has been apparently carrying it around in its pants pocket this entire time.

That didn't happen. That did not happen. This shit is not edited. Martha Wells literally just came up with with this right here, and then was too fucking lazy to just scroll up in the goddamn document and edit that in. My god.

Now we have parenthesis. A rare find for now.

"(Armor doesn't have pockets. So score one for ordinary human clothing.)"

End parenthesis. And that's another joke. That's another joke. Literally insert the laugh track again.

Oh. Oh, wait. ~Pockets are so cool, that's so funny! In what's supposed to be a scary scary situation. Deeply serious. This is totally deeply serious and spooky and serious, guys.~

"I needed a power source to get the station operable again. But unfortunately, I had me—

Fortunately, not unfortunately. Fortunately, because it's bad writing and this is not a fucking dystopia, I swear to god.

"I used the tools to open a port on the energy weapon in my right forearm. Doing it one-handed was tricky, but I've had to do worse. I used a patch cord to connect me to the console's emergency power access, and then the station hummed as it powered up. I couldn't open this the feed to control it directly, but I reached into the glittering projection and fished out the access for the security systems recording storage."

That's so— what are you— so you're literally telling me right now that hacking can be as simple as "Oh, you you put a fucking holographic display up? Let me

just stick my hand in there. That'll magically give me... what? All of the passwords?????"

"I couldn't open the feed to control it directly, but I reached into the glittering projection and fished out the access for the security systems recorded storage."

Do you hear all that? Do you hear all that fucking corporate speak?

First of all, what are we saying right now? You can poke a hologram, a holographic display. and extract information— all the passwords. All the passwords, apparently!

[Narrator 2] So, and this is from the company that has The Best Security!!

This is from four years ago, too, at least. This is ridiculous. And also, it's just Oh my god, so many things. ~Oh, um, the train that Murderbot rode in on, that still had electricity, but this computer is conveniently out. But that's okay, because Murderbot, who literally never runs out of energy, um, it can just

plug itself in. That's totally That's totally normal and fine and totally a thing that we could have seen coming. Uhhuh. That definitely makes sense.~

"I couldn't open—'

I'm just never going to get over this.

"I couldn't open the feed to control it directly, but I reached into the glitter—'

I can highlight this. I just remember to— We can put notes on Calibbre. So...what does this even mean?

Blah blah blah.

"and fished out the access for the security systems recorded recorded storage. It had been wiped, but I'd been expecting that. I started to check all the other storage just in case it hadn't been the company text who had wiped SecSystem. The company wants everything recorded work done in the—'

Are we saying this was owned by Murderbot's actual company? I thought it was—

[Narrator 2] Yeah, I thought this was supposed to have been a different company and then it got sold to the company. Okay, more bullshit.

"The company wants everything recorded, work done in the feed, conversations, everything, so they can data mine it. A lot of that information is useless and gets deleted. But SecSystem has to hold on to it until the dating m— data mining bots can go over it. And so SecSystem often steals unused temporary storage space from other systems."

Why are we framing that as the computer system is doing literally what it was programmed to do as 'it's stealing'? This is ridiculous.

Except— Except if this is literally what they designed it to do. And we're— This is just stupid.

"And there they were. Files tucked into the med system storage space for non-standard procedure downloads."

[sarcastically] Wow. Tucked into a computer file file that's not hidden in any way.

In parenthesis:

"(presumably if Med System suddenly needed to download an emergency procedure for a patient, SecSystem would have whisked the files out and put them somewhere else. But sometimes it couldn't act in time and chunks of recorded data would be lost. If you're a SecUnit and you like your clients and want to keep something they've said or done—

Parenthesis again:

"((or that you've said or done)"

End secondary parenthesis

"Away from the company. This is one of the many ways you can make files accidentally disappear.)"

That's just fucking nonsensical.

[Narrator 2]

I'm not reading it again.

"SecSystem must have shifted files over right before the power failure. There was a lot of material and I skipped past random conversations and mining operations data to the end, then scrolled back a little."

This is all one paragraph. That should be the end of that paragraph.

"In the feed, two human techs had discussed an anomaly, some code that didn't seem to be associated with any system that had been uploaded on site. They were trying to figure out where it had come from and speculating with a lot of profanity that the installation had been bombed with malware—'

We're saying installing a sending a computer virus, we're, dhe's comparing that to bombing.

"One tech said she was going to notify the supervisor that they needed to sequester SecSystem and the conversation ended there in mid-word. That was... not what I was expecting. I'd assumed a malfunction of my governor module had caused the massacre the company euphemistically referred to as an incident."

Martha Wells saying this shit while literally euphemistically referring to slaves as SecUnits and bots and euphemistically referring to slave owners and masters as clients and literally referring to sex slaves as ComfortUnits. But now she wants to pretend she has a problem with cutesy cutesy euphemisms while literally using them to spread pro-slavery propaganda.

"But had I really taken out nine other SecUnits, plus all the bots and any armed humans who might have tried to stop me? I didn't like my chances. If the other SecUnits had experienced the same malfunction, it had to come from an outside source."

This is all coming from just people saying, "Huh, there was an anomaly."

"I saved the conversation to my own storage."

That's never going to come up ever again, by the way.

"Checked the other systems for stray files, but found nothing and unhooked myself from the console. The security ready room had been stripped to the bone."

Huh?

[Narrator 2] That meme of the person critiquing their fashion competitor person saying light orange or whatever. It's orange. ~Security ready room? Just call it a goddamn fucking armory!

"The security ready room had been stripped to the bone. But there were other places I could check. I pushed away from the console. As I went through the door, I noticed the impact points in the wall opposite the stains on the floor. Someone, something capable of taking a high degree of injury, had made a last stand here, trying to defend the control center. Maybe not all the SecUnits had been affected."

So that's Martha Wells saying, "Look, this slave— who literally had no fucking choice in the matter, is literally forced to do this under pain of instant death — look, this slave made a last stand trying to protect its precious cinnamon roll slave owners! That proves it's one of the good ones!

"In the corridor near the living quarters—'

That's worse. That's worse.

In the corridor, meaning hallway. In the hallway near the living quarters, meaning where people live and sleep,

"I found the other secure— I found the other ready room, the one for the ComfortUnits."

After Martha Wells has just pretended to mock corporations for using cutesy euphemisms.

All right, that's where we're actually just going to end this video now because it's been two hours and 18 minutes and I don't want my computer suddenly deciding it's going to explode. and kill all this.

So, yeah, we're ending the recording and then we'll get to this atrocity next time.

Byebye.